

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## TAKE MY HAND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ELLA WHEELER.

I am walking in the darkness;  
All around me is the night;  
I am groping in the shadows,  
And I cannot see the light.  
Every sunbeam has departed;  
There is gloom o'er all the land;  
I am fainting by the wayside;  
Heavenly Father, take my hand!

Oh the paths are rough and thorny,  
That my weary feet have trod;  
I am bleeding—I am dying—  
Take me by the hand, O God!  
Let my gloomy way be lighted  
By the glory of Thy face;  
And Thy broad and mighty bosom,  
Let it be my resting place.

Through this awful night of sorrow,  
Father, let me hear Thy voice!  
Teach me how to sing in anguish,  
How to suffer and rejoice.  
Take me by the hand and guide me,  
Lead me in the better way,  
Through this vale of storm and tempest,  
To the land of perfect day.

## CUT ADRIFF:

ON,

### The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,  
AUTHOR OF "SYDNE ADRIANCE," &c.

#### CHAPTER VII.

DORA.

When Dora Tremaine left her husband's home, less than a week before, she dropped the strange note she had received in her card-case for safe keeping, and amused herself with the possible suggestions her husband might make. They would go together of course, and solve the mystery, which could not be anything remarkable.

And yet a strange misgiving stole over Dora. What if some old ghost of the past, a past Ralph Tremaine knew nothing of, should rise there and confront her? Why had she not confessed as soon as she knew that the secret had been kept from him? And then she remembered the hundred little events that had seemed to delay the confidence until now. He must be told. Lately it had grown into a positive burthen, and there had been hours when she hated the very thought of it. If she could only blot it out and take up her life where it had commenced with her uncle Gilbert, feeling quite free as most girls of her age.

She was at her journey's end presently, and left the car in a lingering fashion, as if some dreaded phantom lurked on the outside. If she could once feel safe in Ralph's presence, and have his honest, kindly eyes smiling upon her, clasp his hand, and assure herself that his great generous heart could forgive that girlish mistake, no sin in itself, but only in the fatal secret that had surrounded it.

She was the last one to step from the car. Most of the passengers were at the upper end of the platform already. Here and there a solitary, detached figure; one, not far from her, who took a step and stood directly before her. Dora glanced up.

"Mrs. Tremaine, I believe," the person said.

That face and that voice! Could the dead rise from their graves in the ocean?

Dora Tremaine's head swam round in vague terror. The street and the throng of human beings looked infinitesimal. Yet she did not faint or shriek. Jasper Cameron was prepared for either emergency.

"I think you remember me!"

There was something peculiar in the man's voice, a kind of latent power which seemed to deprive her of the strength necessary to war against him.

"God help me!" she moaned. "I thought you dead years ago!"

"So I supposed. You see I give you the credit of not desiring to commit intentional bigamy."

Her face, that had been deathly white before, flushed deeply, and her frame trembled violently.

"I had news of your death," she returned, rallying her strength.

"News of the wreck, you mean," he corrected with a kind of offensive politeness.

"And through all these years you have preserved silence! Oh, Jasper! why? why?"

"I thought your love would be as true and changeless as mine."

Something in his expression chilled the very blood in her veins. Did he still love her? Oh Heavens!

"I have married, as you know, for you called me by my name. That I believed you dead, you can scarcely doubt. And now—"

"We cannot discuss the subject fairly here; and he glanced suspiciously around. I am entirely at your service in any place that you prefer. Mr. Colby's office was men-

[\*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ELLA WHEELER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]



"I THINK YOU REMEMBER ME!"

tioned in your note—" and his dark eyes scanned her face narrowly as, making a bold stroke, he added—"or your present husband's place of business, if you would feel more at home there."

She thrust out her hands as if to grasp at some support. Go to Ralph Tremaine with this man, whom she feared as much as she hated, and being bound soul and body as it were, in his presence, rendered unable to justify herself or make one tender appeal, her cause she felt would be lost. She knew how very just and upright Mr. Tremaine was, and this tale of deception would shock him so at the first moment.

"This Mr. Colby?"

Her voice faltered and stopped. Oh! if she only knew what to do in this horrible strait!

Mr. Cameron had learned or suspected one thing for which he had hardly dared to hope. It was evident that Dora had kept her first marriage a secret from Mr. Tremaine. She could not have played a better card for him.

"Mr. Colby is a warm personal friend of mine, a lawyer. I went to him for advice immediately. Of course, the law is all on my side."

He uttered this with a peculiar smile. Every moment the man's power seemed to grow upon her. She shivered with terror and indignation.

"The law may be," she said, "but right and justice are not. To stay away for years is as much of a deception as if you had sworn to a deliberate falsehood. You knew that I must have heard of your death!"

"Hush," he said, more gently, "or we shall have an interested audience. If you prefer talking to me alone, before you see any one, let us seek some secluded place. Perhaps it would be as well to understand one another."

Almost unconsciously she took a few steps beside him, down the platform.

"It is a pleasant day," he said, "and in a few moments we can drive up to the Park. Rambling around there we shall feel quite free from observation, and can discuss these points more at length. I assure you that I do not intend to spoil my cause by violence or any underhand trickery."

He looked so honorable as he uttered this that for a moment her doubts and fears were quieted. It was better to walk there, where she could summon assistance if any were needed, than to go to a lawyer's office, of whom she knew nothing. And after she understood his designs, she could the better prepare a defence.

Since early morn Jasper Cameron had been concocting plans in his mind, and laid them so adroitly that if one failed he could take up another without being at all disconcerted. Little did Mrs. Tremaine suppose that this particular hackman, sitting so indifferently upon his box, was but following orders. She did not see the two exchange glances.

"This is about as fair a specimen as any," Cameron said, giving it a hasty glance. "Never mind, driver," as the man offered to dismount. "To the Park, immediately."

Jasper Cameron made a pretence of assisting Mrs. Tremaine, but she passed by his proffered hand with lofty scorn. And when the door was shut a great agony of terror fell upon her. The stories she had heard of persons being entrapped into private mad houses rushed over her, and then she smiled fearlessly. With this open window between her and the world, there would be assistance within call.

It did not make much difference to Cameron what Mrs. Tremaine did after the conversation he proposed to have with her. So far fortune had favored him. He had intercepted the plans of that rascal Colby, as he termed him, and here was Dora, ready to intervals."

tell all. I did not learn this until after I had married Mr. Tremaine."

"A wise friend, truly, though the result has proved disastrous. I suppose a man would like as good a title deed to a wife as to any other property, and he or she probably thought it would interfere with your chances of matrimony."

She could have killed him for that sneer. And then the thought rushed over her mind—would Mr. Tremaine have married her? Uncle Gilbert must have had some fear, or he would have told the simple truth, which was in no wise disgraceful. Still, she would not have cared then; now she had learned to love, to long for a husband's tenderness.

They had been walking slowly onward in the pause, now she turned suddenly.

"Jasper," she began, half wondering how the old name would sound, "there is something behind all this. You cannot have so completely forgotten me for years, and then in a moment awakened to affectionate remembrance. It is not love. I doubt if you deserve yourself, me you cannot deserve. I have grown wiser than in those childish days. If you have been unfortunate in any respect—if you are in need of money, I can and will assist you. I have some thousands at my own disposal. If you will take this and ge—"

Her voice trembled in spite of the efforts she made to steady it, and there was a strained, painful apprehension in every line of her face.

"Thank you, Mrs. Tremaine, but I am in no pressing need of money that I should become your pensioner in such a fashion. Besides, I should have some scruples of conscience. Either you are Mr. Tremaine's wife or mine—if the law awards you to him, you surely need not buy me off; and if you are mine, something of more account than gold must extinguish the claim."

He rested the tips of his fingers in his pockets with a jaunty air that was half swagger, and yet through all his indifference she saw the determination. A hard, impulsive enemy! She blushed that he should have suspected her of wishing to buy his absence, much as she desired it.

On they walked in the silence. Over head drifted wonderful islands through a sea of peerless blue, birds sung in the branches beside them, and bland airs laden with fragrance wandered up and down in viewless hosts. And she so unutterably wretched, so cut off from hope, turn whither she would. For with every breath she felt the web closing round her.

"Dora," he said, presently, "will you listen to reason?"

"I will listen," she answered, moodily. "We are husband and wife—any good authority, be he lawyer or judge, will tell you so. I have done nothing to break my compact, and in the estimation of the world I am the injured party. But I know it was a mistake on your part, and I am willing to forgive fully and freely. Since you cannot have liberty, let us both consent to forget the past. Let us renew our vows, and endeavor henceforward to make each other happy. It shall be my earnest study—for, Dora, disbelieve and scorn as you will, I love you truly, earnestly. My soul cannot brook the thought of your being another's."

This appeal touched her much more deeply than his former one, and yet it angered her as well. Did he think she could change allegiance at a moment's notice? Was that all the sacredness a woman's regard possessed?

"No," she replied. "Jasper Cameron, do not cheat yourself with any false hopes. I suppose if we had gone on in those old times, your fascination would have been sufficiently strong to hold me captive, perhaps to make me love, eventually; but it did not. Remember that I do not call it love, and will not have fidelity measured by it. You took no pains to assure me that you were alive. I might have been friendless and in want, died of starvation—what would it have mattered to you? Another has taught me by slow degrees, the sweetest lesson that a woman can learn—faith and hope blinded in trust affection. I have come to make me suffer through it, but I shall never, never give it up. If I never saw Jasper Cameron again, I should hold myself his wife until death parted us, in spite of any jurisdiction the law might have. No, you know nothing about women's hearts."

Her face lighted up with a grand, proud smile.

"And I, too, love. Pity me, as well as yourself."

He was a good actor in some moods. His eyes softened now, and the tenderest expression she had yet seen lingered about his face. She did not so much wonder that he had won her girlish fancy, but the woman's love was immeasurably above it all, and could not be dethroned.

"I have given you my answer. Of what avail is pity?"

"Then the law must take its course. You will not let me be merciful."

"The truest mercy would be to go away. If you have enough nobleness and generosity for this—"

"And leave you to him? No, I have not. As I said, even if I cannot win you back, you shall never be his, honorably. And now it only remains to decide upon what course we must pursue. The case shall be placed in my friend's hands at once."

She shuddered with shame and terror.

"Oh, she cried, "wait a little. Give me

but a day in which to think, for I seem so utterly wrecked that not one has yet given his friendly arms."

"Yes, now."

She made a movement of impatience over the fact that if he had loved her truly, he would measure their suffering by his own and be merciful. And she was unmercifully thankful that he did not. Fighting against him would be less grieved with anguish.

"Give me a little time," she groaned.

"All that you desire, upon one condition."

"What is that?" and she glanced at him with quick suspicion.

"That I am present at your first interview with Mr. Tremaine."

"No! no!" she exclaimed frantically.

"Very well. Then I feel at liberty to go to him immediately. I am not sure but that it would have been the wisest course to go to him at once, but I thought it fair to seek you first. Whither shall I stand you?"

He had been debating whether it was possible to carry out the remainder of his plan and gain entire personal control over her—for at present he much preferred that she should not see Mr. Tremaine. None knew better than he how moments of grace were wasted by delay, and that the auspicious season once passed, another was difficult to find.

She felt faint and sick, and in casting about for a place of refuge sought her self of one at hand.

"I have a trusty friend near by—a woman who was my uncle's housekeeper. I will go there for a few hours' rest, and try to decide upon what it is best to do. Of course Mr. Tremaine must be informed."

She uttered the last with dreary pathos. Her face, that had been so brilliant with different phases of feeling and indignation, was growing wan and listless. She turned, and he followed.

"Shall I not call a hack when we reach the gate?" he asked.

"No! somehow it seemed as if she dared not trust herself with him again. "It is but a step," she added presently.

Amid this throng of people she felt quite secure. All along their way they met with one and another, and he relinquished his scheme with his usual air of gay indifference. Little did she guess the villainy in his heart, though indeed she could think of nothing save her weary steps, and wonder if her strength would last even this short distance.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A FATE BETWEEN.

"I shall stop here," Dora Tremaine said, pausing before a cottage, that with a group of indifferent houses stood not far from the river. This one was small and unpretending, but it had a vegetable garden in the most perfect order, quite a contrast to the straggling weeds and irregular shrubbery around. There was a tiny court-yard in front and a bed of old fashioned flowers.

He turned and faced her. "Dora," he said in a deep tone, which was scarcely less than a threat, "for the present I shall depend upon your truth and honor, and leave you quite at liberty as regards your place of abode, so long as it is not Ralph Tremaine's house. The instant you attempt to seek that, I shall invoke the law to protect my rights. I will give you the time you desire for consideration. When shall I call for an answer? To-morrow morning?"

"Yes," she said, her wandering brain scarcely comprehending the answer she made.

He came a step nearer and almost hissed these words in her ear.

"There will be no evading me. You cannot step outside of this door but that you will be called. Act fairly, and no harm shall befall you."

She made no reply, but touching the lion's head knocker gave a feeble, irregular summons. It seemed to her that she stood there an age; the houses on either side revolving grotesquely, the air growing darker with gray and purple films, and those deep, vengeful eyes staring at her like balls of fire. She uttered a wild, terror-stricken cry, and that was all she remembered.

"Oh, Catherine!" she groaned, and nearly lapsed into insensibility again.

"My poor child! Oh, Miss Dora, what has happened?"

Catherine's excitement, Mrs. Tremaine was a girl again.

"I can't tell you now. Let me rest a little, Catherine. I am so tired. I feel as if I should die! Oh, would any one care, would any one be sorry?"

The eyes wandered about with a wild stare, and yet seemed to cower and shrink from something, and the cold fingers clasped Catherine's arm with frantic force.

"Hush, dear. Lie still. Nothing shall harm you," the woman said, soothingly.

"Don't let him come in! Oh, Catherine! he is out there watching—he said he would. Keep me! hide me!" she shrieked, burying her face in the other's dress.

"Yes—no one shall come. Lie still, poor child. See, I shall bolt the door."

She rose, and did this, and came back to Mrs. Tremaine, who now began to shiver with a hard chill. The words she tried to utter died in incoherent fragments upon the aching lips.

Catherine Dawson was sorely puzzled. The last time she had seen her dear young mistress—for Dora would always be that to her—was on a bright, breezy, March day, when she had driven up with her husband. She had looked so proud and bright, and happy! It had been a rather conscientious question with Catherine, whether Dora's marriage was for the best. The young girl had not loved as the girls of her day, and she had some old-fashioned notions on the subject. But the last doubt had vanished then.

"Miss Dora's a happy wife," she had said to her old husband as they sat by the fire-side that evening. "I've always had a little fear about her, but I'm quite at rest now. There's a content and satisfaction shining in her face, that it does one good to see."

"I'm sure Mr. Tremaine's a man in a thousand," Mark Dawson replied, sturdily. "If she couldn't be happy with him, she doesn't deserve any one."

"It's not that exactly. There's a kind of fitness about people, and sometimes it doesn't come even in a long married life. Miss Dora has some queer streaks, and she wasn't a girl to love easily."

"Love!" Mark Dawson brought it out with contemptuousness.

"Love, love!" She leaned over in the light of the blazing logs—this was one of his old-fashioned notions. "Mark," she said, "when you first wooed me, I was young and beauty, with shining eyes and hair, and red and white in my face. I don't look like it now that I am old and faded—but hasn't there been something in our lives that enlisted youth and beauty, and makes us as dear to each other as we were then?"

He gave the fire pole that sent the blaze into hundreds of stars, and with a little tremble in his voice, said—

"Yes, you're right, Katy."

And Catherine Dawson, contrasting the two pictures, shivered with a strange misgiving. Dora was proud and high-spirited—what if she had quarreled with her husband? She had no mother or sisters in whom she could confide; and Catherine knew that of old she had not been given to intimate friendships. She looked so helpless as she lay there trembling and moaning, that, whatever might be the cause, the woman pitied her profoundly. But what could she do except to stand over her and watch her? She was all alone in the house.

The chill was a very severe one; but after awhile faint streaks of color began to spread up her temples, and a feverish flush to overspread her cheeks. The dull eyes grew restless and glassy. She still muttered at intervals, but the frantic fear had subsided.

"Mrs. Tremaine?" Catherine exclaimed, kneeling beside her.

She gave a stupid sort of stare, making no other answer.

"Dear Miss Dora, what shall I do? What can I do for you. Send for Mr. Tremaine?"

"Oh!" Dora rose in a confused way. "I don't know whether he would think it right to come if I told him all," she said, in a slow, wandering manner—and a sickening shudder passed over her. "I'm so sleepy, Catherine; and then—As is watching outside. Oh, don't leave me for a moment!"

"My dear child, no; but I must do something. You are very ill. Mr. Tremaine should be sent for."

"He said—oh, Catherine, I can't tell you! It's such a horrible thing! Mr. Tremaine can't forgive it, and if he could!"—she burst into a wild, bitter laugh, and threw her hands. "Why, Catherine, I'm not his wife at all!"

"You are losing your senses, Miss Dora?" And a shocked expression filled Catherine's face.

"Am I? I had a note somewhere—I don't remember—but if I could show it to you. No, Catherine, I can never, never be anything to him again. Jasper said so. He was so cruel, so cruel! I'm tired, tired! Oh, if I could only die!"

Dora sank back on the pillow exhausted. Catherine bathed her face and chased the trembling hands. She tried to soothe the strained and excited nerves—and indeed succeeded so well that presently Mrs. Tremaine sank into an uneasy but heavy slumber.

Then Catherine Dawson began to consider what she must do. What had happened? Was it indeed a desperate quarrel in which Mr. Tremaine had said she was no wife of his, perhaps, goaded to a moment's desperation. And yet, that seemed so unlike him. Mr. Tremaine was not a man to indulge in angry taunts. She wondered if he knew that Dora had come to be ill? At all events, if she were going to be ill—and that scarlet fever flush, with the half open eyes prodded at—she must have medical attention. And just now she needed a husband's love and tenderness. If he came and saw her thus, his heart must melt at sight of her suffering, even if she had been in the wrong.

She rose softly from her seat, and crossing the room opened the large Bible. Several sheets of writing paper had been laid in it for safe keeping, as it was an article rarely used in their house, save when Mark wrote twice a year to the old country, the land they had left behind in their young life. She tore a sheet in half, looking furtively around, but the sleeper was past a light disturbance.

Catherine Dawson's fingers were stiff with labor, and writing was almost like a lost art to her. She was a long time in thinking what to say, and how to say it; and after all, it was a very simple matter, though the most formidable she had undertaken in many a day. At last it was done, and she read it over slowly.

"Mr. Tremaine—Respected Sir—This is to inform you that your wife, Dora Tremaine, is sick at my house. I think she will need a physician; and I much desire that you would come immediately."

CATHERINE DAWSON."

After studying it awhile she concluded to add a postscript, which contained these words—"Mr. Tremaine seems to be in great trouble." Then she folded it, placed it carefully in a large buff envelope, and puzzled for some time over the direction. The number of Mr. Tremaine's store she did not know, but the streets it was between and the side of the street on which it stood were elaborately written. She gave a sigh of relief over the achievement.

There were plenty of neighbor's boys idling about that she could press into the service of postman. She went to the window and saw several playing marbles. With another glance at Dora she stepped to the street door, and gave the group a close scrutiny.

"Jemmy Connor!" she called.

Jemmy looked up, gave the brim of his hat a tug, and the marble at his foot a kick, and ran to the gate.

"Jemmy, will you go down town for me? You can ride there and back in the car. It's to take a note, and I'll pay you a quarter beside if you do it just right."

"Can't I take this?" the boy asked.

"No, I want you to go alone, and be as quick as you can. It is very important. Will you run right away? You can find it, I think."

"I can find anything in this ere town," and the boy gave a grin.

"Well, there's the direction. Give it to Mr. Tremaine if you can see him. And then come back and you shall have your quarter."

She judged it prudent not to pay him first, as the thought of the reward might make him more expeditious.

He gave a parting shout to the boys and rushed away. Mrs. Dawson saw him bound along to the next street, and then with a little old country superstition thought it best not to watch him out of sight.

Dora was still asleep, but tossing restlessly about and moaning at intervals. Mrs. Dawson had unfastened her dress, but it still seemed so warm and so confining that she began to cast about in her mind if some-

thing could not be done to render the child more comfortable.

There were three rooms on the lower floor—parlor, kitchen and sleeping-room. Upstairs top comfortable chamber; and though Mrs. Dawson could have carried Dora up in her strong arms, she was not quite sure that it would be advisable. True, Mark would not be home for a night or two, but her own little nest was rather crowded.

Then another thought occurred to her, so she went up stairs and brought down a low, single one, and stood it opposite the sofa. Then a matress and some cool hummock linens sheets, and in a few moments she had a most inviting looking bed arranged.

"Poor thing! She'll feel so much easier when she is undressed and lying there comfortably. She'll never do to be took out of the house this night. Poor, dear child! I wonder what can have happened?"

Then Mrs. Dawson hunted up an old-fashioned cambric gown that she kept laid away for sickness or any sudden emergency. She began carefully and gently to disrobe Dora, who in her wandering slumbers was only conscious of a slight disturbance.

"Child," she said presently, "Miss Dora," and she tried to rouse her.

The vacant, listless eyes opened slowly, then closed again.

"My poor bairn, rise a bit. Lean on me—so;" and Dora obeyed unconsciously. Catherine lifted her into the bed at once.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a sigh, "don't let him take me! He said he would watch!"

For a moment Catherine's heart misgave her. Suppose Dora should not approve of her message. But what harm could come of it? Surely Mr. Tremaine was not so obtuse that the sight of this suffering face would fail to move him!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### SMALL BED-CHAMBERS.

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight by ten rooms, the length and breadth of which multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten, for the height of the chamber, would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic feet for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet.

But more—in order to give the air of a room the highest degree of freshness, the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of the room every hour. And yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and windows, in rooms which do not contain a thousand feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand feet rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children will away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone, during the hundred days which shall include the fifteenth of July in every year.

Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging-houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been clearly proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years! Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, on his return from business, "have you seen the beautiful set of walnut furniture which the Smiths have bought?"

"Hem, no, my love, but I have seen the bill, and it quite satisfies me."

"When a man has feathered his nest you will generally find that he also plumes himself upon it. How true is it, therefore, that 'riches take unto themselves wings.'

"An English Judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied: 'Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy.'

"Here is a concise but hopeful letter written by a Colorado miner: 'Lover years is rather long to kill a gal, but lie'

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#### SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

#### TERMS.

The price of THE POST are the same as those of well known magazines, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the circle may be made up of the most intelligent company whom no advertisement can offend. The price is as follows:

ONE DOLLAR, Two copies \$1.00. Sixty-four copies \$6.00. Five copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 94.00.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Concerning Costly Pearls.

We all know how Julius Caesar, when he was in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, gave her a pearl worth nearly a quarter of a million of our money; and how Mark Antony drank one dissolved in vinegar, which cost nearly four millions, while Clodius, the glutton, swallowed one worth forty thousand. The example of Cleopatra found an imitator even in sober England. Sir Thomas Gresham, not otherwise famous for acts of folly, still as mistook the meaning of loyalty that he ground a pearl, which cost him £10,000, into a cup of wine, in order to thus filly drink the health of his queen. This plagiarist again had many rivals in the more courteous of Louis XIV., who in their insane extravagance were wont to pulverize their diamonds, and occasionally used the powder to dry the ink of their letters which they sent to their loved ones. Is diamond powder in the hair much worse?

The largest pearl on record is probably one brought by the most romantic of all travellers and dealers in precious gems, Travernier, of Cairo, in Arabia, where a pearl fishery existed already in the days of Pliny. It is said—for the pearl is unknown in our day—to have been pear-shaped, perfect in all respects, and nearly three inches long. It was obtained from the Shah of Persia, the enormous sum of £111,000 for the gem.

Mr. Hope's pearl, which is looked upon as

## Brutal Punishment of Girls in Expectable Families in England.

A singular correspondence has been going on for some months in the "Englishmen's Domestic Magazine," to which wise mothers of fam'lies, all over the kingdom, have contributed their views and experiences. We are told how by one, two or three whippings an insubordinate, careless, unsatisfactory girl is transformed into a model of deportment which would have given satisfaction to Mr. Turveydrop himself. These high-born British matrons dwell with zest on the best times and instruments of punishment. One is enthusiastic for a birch rod or cane. Another has tested the merit of a whip "made of soft, pliable leather, cut into long, narrow things at one end," which she assures us "will produce intense pain with little or no injury to the person." It is highly recommended that if there are sisters the castigation should be administered in the presence of them all, that mortification may add its smart to the physical ache. The clothing is to be removed for the more thorough performance of this gratifying duty. After it is all over the delinquent is allowed to kiss the rod, express her thanks to the castigator, and meekly retire, a changed girl.

These whippings are administered on young ladies between thirteen and twenty years of age. American girls of that age would never get over the disgrace of such brutal punishments, if American mothers could be found among people of even average respectability to inflict them.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The market about the same as last quoted.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has fallen off, 30,000 bushels of red sold at \$1.00@1.10; 8000 bushels of white at \$2.00@2.10; 1000 bushels of Rye at \$1.00@1.10; 1000 bushels of Pease and Western sold in lots at \$1.15. Oats—60,000 bushels sold at \$0.90@1.00 bush. Oats—60,000 bushels sold at \$1.00@1.10 for Western, and \$0.90@1.00 for Pennsylvania and Southern.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been quiet.

MEAT.—Sales Prime Hams, \$1.00@1.10; Sides at 17@18@19@20c. Green Meats—Sales of prime pickled Hams at 17@18@19c, and shoulders at 12@13@14c. Butter—Sales of prime roll at \$2.00@2.10.

COTTON—About 900 bushels of middlings sold at \$0.75@80c for Uplands, and \$0.90@1.00 for New Orleans.

COAL.—Sales of coal at \$0.90@1.00@1.10@1.20.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 17@18, according to quality.

IRON.—Sales of No 1 Anthracite at \$2.00, No 2 at \$1.90, No 3 at \$1.80. Scrap Pig cells at \$4.00@4.50@5.00, and Glendale at \$2.75@3.00@3.25.

BEADS—3000 bush. Cloversold at \$0.25@10, according to quality. Timothy—800 bush. sold at \$2.00@2.10. Flaxseed is selling at \$2.00@2.05@2.10 bush.

HAY—Sales Prime Timothy, \$1.00@1.10; Interior, \$1@1.00, and Straw, \$1.00@1.10.

HOPES—Sale of New York and Western at 17@18, according to quality.

IRON.—There is a little doing, sale of \$1.00@1.10@1.20@1.30@1.40@1.50@1.60@1.70@1.80@1.90@2.00@2.10@2.20@2.30@2.40@2.50@2.60@2.70@2.80@2.90@3.00@3.10@3.20@3.30@3.40@3.50@3.60@3.70@3.80@3.90@4.00@4.10@4.20@4.30@4.40@4.50@4.60@4.70@4.80@4.90@5.00@5.10@5.20@5.30@5.40@5.50@5.60@5.70@5.80@5.90@6.00@6.10@6.20@6.30@6.40@6.50@6.60@6.70@6.80@6.90@7.00@7.10@7.20@7.30@7.40@7.50@7.60@7.70@7.80@7.90@8.00@8.10@8.20@8.30@8.40@8.50@8.60@8.70@8.80@8.90@9.00@9.10@9.20@9.30@9.40@9.50@9.60@9.70@9.80@9.90@10.00@10.10@10.20@10.30@10.40@10.50@10.60@10.70@10.80@10.90@11.00@11.10@11.20@11.30@11.40@11.50@11.60@11.70@11.80@11.90@12.00@12.10@12.20@12.30@12.40@12.50@12.60@12.70@12.80@12.90@13.00@13.10@13.20@13.30@13.40@13.50@13.60@13.70@13.80@13.90@14.00@14.10@14.20@14.30@14.40@14.50@14.60@14.70@14.80@14.90@15.00@15.10@15.20@15.30@15.40@15.50@15.60@15.70@15.80@15.90@16.00@16.10@16.20@16.30@16.40@16.50@16.60@16.70@16.80@16.90@17.00@17.10@17.20@17.30@17.40@17.50@17.60@17.70@17.80@17.90@18.00@18.10@18.20@18.30@18.40@18.50@18.60@18.70@18.80@18.90@19.00@19.10@19.20@19.30@19.40@19.50@19.60@19.70@19.80@19.90@20.00@20.10@20.20@20.30@20.40@20.50@20.60@20.70@20.80@20.90@21.00@21.10@21.20@21.30@21.40@21.50@21.60@21.70@21.80@21.90@22.00@22.10@22.20@22.30@22.40@22.50@22.60@22.70@22.80@22.90@23.00@23.10@23.20@23.30@23.40@23.50@23.60@23.70@23.80@23.90@24.00@24.10@24.20@24.30@24.40@24.50@24.60@24.70@24.80@24.90@25.00@25.10@25.20@25.30@25.40@25.50@25.60@25.70@25.80@25.90@26.00@26.10@26.20@26.30@26.40@26.50@26.60@26.70@26.80@26.90@27.00@27.10@27.20@27.30@27.40@27.50@27.60@27.70@27.80@27.90@28.00@28.10@28.20@28.30@28.40@28.50@28.60@28.70@28.80@28.90@29.00@29.10@29.20@29.30@29.40@29.50@29.60@29.70@29.80@29.90@30.00@30.10@30.20@30.30@30.40@30.50@30.60@30.70@30.80@30.90@31.00@31.10@31.20@31.30@31.40@31.50@31.60@31.70@31.80@31.90@32.00@32.10@32.20@32.30@32.40@32.50@32.60@32.70@32.80@32.90@33.00@33.10@33.20@33.30@33.40@33.50@33.60@33.70@33.80@33.90@34.00@34.10@34.20@34.30@34.40@34.50@34.60@34.70@34.80@34.90@35.00@35.10@35.20@35.30@35.40@35.50@35.60@35.70@35.80@35.90@36.00@36.10@36.20@36.30@36.40@36.50@36.60@36.70@36.80@36.90@37.00@37.10@37.20@37.30@37.40@37.50@37.60@37.70@37.80@37.90@38.00@38.10@38.20@38.30@38.40@38.50@38.60@38.70@38.80@38.90@39.00@39.10@39.20@39.30@39.40@39.50@39.60@39.70@39.80@39.90@40.00@40.10@40.20@40.30@40.40@40.50@40.60@40.70@40.80@40.90@41.00@41.10@41.20@41.30@41.40@41.50@41.60@41.70@41.80@41.90@42.00@42.10@42.20@42.30@42.40@42.50@42.60@42.70@42.80@42.90@43.00@43.10@43.20@43.30@43.40@43.50@43.60@43.70@43.80@43.90@44.00@44.10@44.20@44.30@44.40@44.50@44.60@44.70@44.80@44.90@45.00@45.10@45.20@45.30@45.40@45.50@45.60@45.70@45.80@45.90@46.00@46.10@46.20@46.30@46.40@46.50@46.60@46.70@46.80@46.90@47.00@47.10@47.20@47.30@47.40@47.50@47.60@47.70@47.80@47.90@48.00@48.10@48.20@48.30@48.40@48.50@48.60@48.70@48.80@48.90@49.00@49.10@49.20@49.30@49.40@49.50@49.60@49.70@49.80@49.90@50.00@50.10@50.20@50.30@50.40@50.50@50.60@50.70@50.80@50.90@51.00@51.10@51.20@51.30@51.40@51.50@51.60@51.70@51.80@51.90@52.00@52.10@52.20@52.30@52.40@52.50@52.60@52.70@52.80@52.90@53.00@53.10@53.20@53.30@53.40@53.50@53.60@53.70@53.80@53.90@54.00@54.10@54.20@54.30@54.40@54.50@54.60@54.70@54.80@54.90@55.00@55.10@55.20@55.30@55.40@55.50@55.60@55.70@55.80@55.90@56.00@56.10@56.20@56.30@56.40@56.50@56.60@56.70@56.80@56.90@57.00@57.10@57.20@57.30@57.40@57.50@57.60@57.70@57.80@57.90@58.00@58.10@58.20@58.30@58.40@58.50@58.60@58.70@58.80@58.90@59.00@59.10@59.20@59.30@59.40@59.50@59.60@59.70@59.80@59.90@60.00@60.10@60.20@60.30@60.40@60.50@60.60@60.70@60.80@60.90@61.00@61.10@61.20@61.30@61.40@61.50@61.60@61.70@61.80@61.90@62.00@62.10@62.20@62.30@62.40@62.50@62.60@62.70@62.80@62.90@63.00@63.10@63.20@63.30@63.40@63.50@63.60@63.70@63.80@63.90@64.00@64.10@64.20@64.30@64.40@64.50@64.60@64.70@64.80@64.90@65.00@65.10@65.20@65.30@65.40@65.50@65.60@65.70@65.80@65.90@66.00@66.10@66.20@66.30@66.40@66.50@66.60@66.70@66.80@66.90@67.00@67.10@67.20@67.30@67.40@67.50@67.60@67.70@67.80@67.90@68.00@68.10@68.20@68.30@68.40@68.50@68.60@68.70@68.80@68.90@69.00@69.10@69.20@69.30@69.40@69.50@69.60@69.70@69.80@69.90@70.00@70.10@70.20@70.30@70.40@70.50@70.60@70.70@70.80@70.90@71.00@71.10@71.20@71.30@71.40@71.50@71.60@71.70@71.80@71.90@72.00@72.10@72.20@72.30@72.40@72.50@72.60@72.70@72.80@72.90@73.00@73.10@73.20@73.30@73.40@73.50@73.60@73.70@73.80@73.90@74.00@74.10@74.20@74.30@74.40@74.50@74.60@74.70@74.80@74.90@75.00@75.10@75.20@75.30@75.40@75.50@75.60@75.70@75.80@75.90@76.00@76.10@76.20@76.30@76.40@76.50@76.60@76.70@76.80@76.90@77.00@77.10@77.20@77.30@77.40@77.50@77.60@77.70@77.80@77.90@78.00@78.10@78.20@78.30@78.40@78.50@78.60@78.70@78.80@78.90@79.00@79.10@79.20@79.30@79.40@79.50@79.60@79.70@79.80@79.90@80.00@80.10@80.20@80.30@80.40@80.50@80.60@80.70@80.80@80.90@81.00@81.10@81.20@81.30@81.40@81.50@81.60@81.70@81.80@81.90@82.00@82.10@82.20@82.30@82.40@82.50@82.60@82.70@82.80@82.90@83.00@83.10@83.20@83.30@83.40@83.50@83.60@83.70@83.80@83.90@84.00@84.10@84.20@84.30@84.40@84.50@84.60@84.70@84.80@84.90@85.00@85.10@85.20@85.30@85.40@85.50@85.60@85.70@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## POLLY'S LIFE.

I rise in the morning early, and get the breakfast spread; I wash and dress the little ones, and make their milk and bread; I walk with them to school, and then come back to mother; To help her in the kitchen, or to sew a shirt for brother.

I sweep the floors, and dust the rooms; I get the dinner ready; And all the neighbors wish their girls were as neat, and clean, and steady; The lads look after me, and say: "Her eyes and teeth are jolly; Her voice how sweet, how small her feet; no lady's like our Polly."

So I bow and smile to Dick, and I laugh and nod to Harry; But they're much mistaken if they think I ever intend to marry; They only see half of my life, the part that they think real; Ah, when my working-day is o'er, I live in a world ideal.

And when at night 'tis time to go to my chamber next the skies, They would be surprised if they could see how it looks in Polly's eyes; The bare white walls are hung with pink (it suits my complexion best,) And velvet curtains fall to the floor; and how grandly I am dressed.

With ribbons rare my raven hair is decked by my waiting-maid, Or bound with pearls, or flashing gems, and wreathed in many a braid; Rich lustrous silks are softened by folds of beautiful lace; Bracelets of gold clasp my rounded arms, and earrings hang by my face.

And then with my fan, and flowers so sweet, I start for brilliant balls; And lords and ladies are glad to greet the beauty that graces their balls; Lord Walter claims my hand for a waltz, and we're soon among the dancers; And then Sir Frederick calls me false, though I promised him the Lancers!

Too soon my chaperon, Lady Maud, says she really can wait no longer; I whisper Lord Walter, I'll ride with him next week if I feel stronger; We had walked in the winter-garden, he had plucked a rose for my hair; I placed it myself in a china vase: I wake it is not there.

But the six o'clock bell is ringing for the men to go to work; The children are having a game of play (that Bobby is such a Turk;) And I make my father's coffee, and I wash the steps of the door.— What shall I say to Lord Walter when we meet in the blue boudoir?

## Fresh Air for the Consumptive.

BY DR. HENRY L. BOWDITCH.

Build your houses in the country, in preference to any place near the sea-coast. In the country choose a slope rather than a plain to build upon, and where the sun can have full access to it, if possible, all day. Be sure, (if need be, by effectual sub-drainage) that the soil is thoroughly permeable to water. Let no moisture from the soil, from any source, be permitted to distil its pernicious influences upon the future dwelling or its inmates. Let the rooms be large, of substantial breadth rather than height, and so pierced by windows that the air may have a bounteous and free entrance and exit. Let fireplaces be built in every room and chamber—fireplaces made for real use, not kept for show, and not closed with iron plates which are to be pierced for air tight stoves. Eschew all furnace heat except for warming the entries and corridors.

Outside the house let there be ample space for air and sunlight. One or two trees may be permitted to grow near the house, but not to overshadow it, for nothing but evil comes from too much shade, either of trees or climbing vines. Both of these may very materially prevent the warm rays of the sun from reaching and bathing the exterior, or from penetrating the interior of the house, which they should be allowed to do freely, even in the depths of summer. Nothing so deadens the atmosphere as the too constant closure of the windows, blinds, and curtains, whereby light and heat as well as fresh air are excluded. Every morning let the windows be open widely, so as to drive off the remains of foul air that has necessarily accumulated from the sleepers during the previous night. Every night let a part of the windows be left open, and if possible at the top and bottom, so that during sleep there may be still a plenty of fresh, unbreathed air for the children and adults to use. Of course the amount of space thus opened will vary with the season; but often, even during our Northern winters, especially in a furnace-heated house, a small aperture, at least, may thus be left. Two or three extra blankets only will be needed for any coldness thus caused.

As to the value of fresh air, alike for the healthy and the invalid, there seems to exist great doubt in this community. Even the healthy have no real faith in its efficacy as a means of giving health. Invalids, almost without exception, we have to educate to that faith. They have so many doubts about the weather. It is too cold, too hot, too windy, or too blustering. It is cloudy, or an east wind prevails. These and a hundred other trivial deviations from perfect weather are noted, and the unfortunate invalid quietly stays within doors day after day to avoid them. Nothing is more pernicious, no behavior more unwise. Both invalids and healthy persons ought to eschew all such views as arrant folly. "Whenever is doubt," we say to our patients, "about going out, always go out." If a violent storm is raging, to which no one would willingly expose himself, then keep to the house, but the moment it ceases, seize the occasion for exercise out of doors." "It would be better," said the late John Ware, "for everybody, sick and well, to face every storm than to be fearful, as we now usually are, of even a trace of foul weather." — *Atlantic Monthly.*

"Driver, how much to the Central Park?" "Ten dollars, sir." "Ten dollars! I don't want to buy your back!"

Original from Salt Lake—Brigham Young has another baby. He's a funny man; the older he grows the more Young he gets.

## THE BATTLE WITH MY BOY.

"I knew it would never do to give it up; the boy would have been ruined; I felt horribly, but I kept on, for I knew that his will must be broken, then or never." Young teachers in their first school, and young parents training their first child, come to some such crisis, and talk of it afterwards in words like the above. After the crisis is past, and when the event comes up for review, the parties to it are not always sure whether the result was a great blunder or a great victory. Authorities differ.

A man with a broken back is usually quiet and sweetly submissive; and if the back be sufficiently broken he gives very little trouble to his rulers or to his fellows beyond a decent burial. Now, WILL is the backbone of character. To break one's will, or even to subdue one's will by force or violence is a very critical operation. To break a backbone judiciously, belongs to high art in surgery—very high.

An ingenious device to control a runaway horse is to shoot him; a pistol for this purpose can be attached to the head-stall, between the ears, and a string from the trigger to the driver's hand, puts the most wilful animal completely under control.

The desirable end to be sought in the matter of will or horse, is intelligent obedience. Enforced obedience is the proper result of breaking a will or a horse. Intelligent obedience is the result of intelligent education. In certain ranges of conduct, all men learn obedience, invariably. A hearty boy-han is a natural born rebel. But he very soon recognizes his patient and passionless master, the great stone-faced master of matter. The sober mahogany table hit the boy as he got up from the floor and his toys. Straightway the boy kicked the table legs and listed its corners. But the table was in no degree excited by the crisis. As often as this rebel wishes to try conclusions with the table, the table is quite ready with its lesson. Two or three lessons are usually enough. The boy turns out for the table, and respects it ever afterward.

So the stove has its lesson; the hot lamp chimney its; the flight of stairs, down which baby wishes to roll many times, has a lesson; the hole in the carpet trips the careless too with passionless punctuality; aching fingers teach the law of snow and snowballing; cut fingers teach children not to meddle with edge-tools. All men learn by experience. Experience is a good teacher.

If any parent or teacher will accept the wisdom taught by these laws of matter and of nature, he will find similar results to attend upon his efforts as he stands in the way of a child to guide and educate and govern. Victory is not to be won by a pitched battle. Let any child experience an absolute uniformity of law and administration, and sooner or later he will conform. He learns to recognize parents and teachers, not as occasional foes and opposers, but as existing facts—the same yesterday, to-day, and every day. Penalties need not be severe, but they must be inevitable. Rewards need not be costly, but they must be earned, and when earned punctually awarded.

When an artist, by a few bold, strong strokes, makes a likeness, it is usually a caricature. The portrait, life-like and soulful, worked up by ten thousand microscopic touches, all of them guided by a master's eye. And when a child is to be educated, there may be educational geniuses who, by a few bold words or blows, at critical moments, shape a character. But the perfect work is accomplished by them only who, by daily little touches, all loving and all consistent, work up a result, which, after years of perseverance we call success, for we have been workers with God, and have worked at He works.—*The Mother at Home.*

## ABOUT PAPERING, PAINTING, ETC.

Select paper with quiet tints, as being in better taste than gaudy colors. Some paper the ceilings also. For this a white or nearly white watered paper should be used, with a broad and delicately colored border.

Side walls can be papered by women. Trim the unprinted edge from one side of the paper, cut into strips the right length, matching the figure as you cut, then lay one strip at a time on a long table, and with a good whitewash brush, or even a clothes brush, spread on the paste—common boiled flour paste, made rather thin, and perfectly smooth—with your assistant, lift the strip to its place, and with cloths in your hand pat it thoroughly from the top downwards and the middle outwards. In putting on the second piece, lap its trimmed edge over the untrimmed edge of the first, and match the figure.

Do not begin in a corner, for these are seldom straight, but begin by a door, so that when you come around to the place of beginning, there will not be a strip of broken figure to close up with. In papering the corners of a room, always cut the paper, instead of turning the corner whole, and then lap a little, so that the paper will go in smooth to any irregularities in the corner, and not bridge across, as it will do if put on whole.

If your house is nice, and you wish to repaint within doors, do not fail to get the zinc paint for the last coat. It costs more, but is vastly more durable, has a beautiful polish, and is very easily cleaned without soap. But if you are building a nice house, by all means have the wood work varnished, and dispense with paint entirely. Almost any wood is handsomer varnished than any paint can make it, and a simple damp cloth will then remove all dirt.

All the old varnished furniture, bedsteads, chairs, tables, etc., can be made to look almost like new, if well rubbed with turpentine and oil. If past such a remedy, buy a cup of varnish, get the loan of a brush, and varnish the furniture yourself. A nicely varnished table is handsomer to my taste without a spread than with one.

If new curtains are wanted for any part of the house, get buff chintz, and cut the size of the windows, run a flat rod into the lower hem, and nail the upper edge to a round rod such as you can get at the stores, arranged to draw up by a cord at the sides; or if you cannot do better, put a round rod at the bottom and roll up, tying with a cord and tassel thrown over the top. White curtains should be added, if wanted.

Carpets should be taken up at least once a year, thoroughly beaten with plant whips, and all common ones should be turned the other side up. Good straw, evenly laid down, is the best to keep dust from wearing carpets. Carpets that are to be stretched much should be bound all around, and oil cloth should also be bound with carpet binding.

In purchasing a carpet, remember that large patterns are only suited to large rooms, and that a carpet with a small figure, covering nearly the whole surface, will last long

est, especially if the carpet be three-ply. Let there be a harmony of colors between the carpet and wall paper. Select substantial colors as well as substantial cloth, don't get a green carpet, and then keep the room dark to protect it, but get one that loves the light. Cotton carpets or even linen are poor economy, but for honest wear, give us the old-fashioned rag carpet yet.—*Ohio Farmer.*

## EDITOR AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"If," says one correspondent, "Mrs. Stowe should send something anonymously to the Magazine, it would not be thought any better than what I send; but her name saves it." But does this correspondent complain of that? If she opened those pages and saw a story "by Charles Dickens," would it attract her no more than an anonymous story? If it would, her remark is answered. Certain names are signs of a proved power, and therefore most attractive to readers. Besides—and this is very humbly suggested—if your contribution be as good as Mrs. Stowe's, why is not your name equally desirable to a magazine with hers? Is there not a suspicion that you may be mistaken? Are all contributions equally desirable? The Easy Chair certainly does not say that Homer nods—but oh, reflecting correspondent, not every one who nods is Homer. Dickens again, was as anonymous as you when he began. If the Dickens is in you, be very sure that your anonymous communications will not be rejected.

And here "Imperator" wishes to know why in the interest of a sound literature the editor will not state his reasons for declining a contribution. Dear sir, an editor is an autocrat. The king wills it—that is his reason. In other words, he does not know his reason. When a sensitive teacher is instructing his pupil upon the piano he exclaims, "Hi, hi! that's a false note!" But, good "Imperator," shall he undertake to show to her exactly why it is a false note? Now editing is by no means so exact a science as music; but an editor feels the false note as surely as the teacher. He knows instinctively—or he is not a good editor—what is "available;" that is, what is magazinable. It would take him a very long time to explain, and he might not satisfy you after all in the particular case of your article. But his instinct is final for his purpose, and you ought to understand that it is no kind of reflection upon your article. If he should stop to explain to every writer of a contribution that he must return why he returned it, the publication of the Magazine would necessarily be suspended. You gentlemen who sit at home and write epic poems and novels and essays, mail them to editors, little know how the stormy winds of speed do blow in the editorial sanctum, and that it is—saying your authorship—enough to read without explaining why the reading is not satisfactory.

At, but, says Artaxerxes, it is so disagreeable, so mortifying, to receive your manuscript back again. And how long would you buy a magazine conducted upon the principle of printing whatever was sent in order to spare the feelings of the writer? No, good friends and fellow authors, use the same sagacity in dealing with the Magazine and your contributions that you do in all other relations and business, and you will not regard an editor as not only your natural enemy, but a proud and insolent tyrant likewise.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## THE ANSWER.

BY WALTER CONWAY.

I mused upon the source of bliss, And tried to analyze a kiss.

I wondered such delight could spring From such a simple, trifling thing.

Two pairs of lips a moment meet, A touch, no more—but, oh, how sweet!

And long as life thrills through the veins, The pressure of that kiss remains.

Lo, long I mused, and much I thought, But all my reasoning came to naught.

And something whispered, "Foolish man! Thou canst not solve it, no man can!"

Just then the pretty Maud came in, With cherry lips and dimpled chin.

"O rarest girl, come tell me this: Whence springs the rapture of a kiss?"

And fit for dull philosopher The answer that I got from her.

"O stupid man, who vainly looks For buds and flowers in dusty books;

And seeks the joy that love inspires, In brooding over dying fires.

If you would know wherefore the rose is sweet, go pluck it where it grows."

I took her counsel, and—ah well, I'm wiser—but I never tell.

INTIMACY WITH CHILDREN.—A wise father and pure mother, if they have secured the confidence of their children—and this can only be secured by intimacy—need not fear ruin. Youthful indiscretion will never be prolonged into vice, for the least act on the part of the offspring will be no sooner committed than imparted to the parent, who will thus be able to check youthful imprudence, and interpose his experienced wisdom as barrier between the commission of a single impropriety and the formation of a vicious habit. Many a youth who has been lost might have been saved if parents had cultivated a greater "intimacy with children."

NO EXERCISE EQUAL TO LAUGHTER.—Nothing acts so directly upon the organs within both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course I know you can't laugh at will, so you must play with the dog, play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding-doors, move back the centre-table, and go it. Play with the bags, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience.

Prentiss says Senator — isn't like the angel that sometimes went down into the pool of Bethesda. He never "troublous water." In purchasing a carpet, remember that large patterns are only suited to large rooms, and that a carpet with a small figure, covering nearly the whole surface, will last long

## WEST'S HOMMIESSESSES OF BYRON.

BY JOHN NEAL.

This fine artist, known all over the earth now, wherever Byron has been heard of, is best known by his portraits of that unhappy man and his *cherie amie*, the Countess Guiccioli. I met with him first in London, where much of his time was spent in multiplying copies of his Lordship at five hundred guineas apiece, and of the Countess for something less than half price. Lady Caroline Lamb, who, it must be acknowledged, knew Byron well, and had reason to know him, used to come and sit down before his picture, and stay hour after hour, breathing hard and wiping her eyes when she thought herself unobserved, saying it was the only likeness of his Lordship that had ever been painted; that by Phillips being a caricature, and half a score others only suppositions,—all the painters being determined to represent the poet instead of the man. West gave him with a full, pleasant face, a clear complexion, large blue eyes, chestnut hair: blue eyes, I say, though I may be mistaken, for the eyes of West were wonders,—iridescent, clear, and changeable; but there was no melancholy, no pouting, no sulking, as if somebody else had "got a bigger bun"—to borrow an idea of Mrs. Leigh Hunt—which Byron never forgot nor forgave. And here it may not be amiss to give some of West's reminiscences that just occur to me.

The first time he ever saw Guiccioli, she came to window and looked in, while he was painting Byron. He was quite startled, thinking the face of a young girl, out for a romp among the daisies and buttercups, and never dreaming that the Countess herself was there, overseeing his work with her innocent, girlish face. Byron was a sad dog at the best, and used to speak of her, just as he did of a little plump chambermaid, with whom he was on rather familiar terms, sometimes acknowledging a preference for the *contadina* while coqueting with the *contessa*.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## ODORS AND MEMORIES.

Wonderful is the link between odors and memories. A sprig of wild mint or pennyroyal takes me back to early childhood and sunny fields bordered by old oaks and chestnuts, and down the fox-grape hollows, all now grown visionary in the distance. A breeze across a barn in midwinter will set us in the summer fields amid the new-mown hay and the songs of the bobolinks and the murmur of the woods.

None the less are odors linked with the airy brood of the imagination. An orange bud will carry us to Sorrento—a rose to Persia and the Paradise of the Hours. Even the scent from a city warehouse will send us far out to sea, away to China and the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind.

Every one with the least musical ear knows how subtle and powerful is the link between certain tunes or passages of music and persons, places, scenes, associated with them; how they set us musing on the past, and unlock the mysterious chamber of memory. Not less subtle and powerful are the enchantments of odors. There is as much poetry in them as in sights and sounds. A lady with sandal-wool fan will diffuse around the room delicate dreams of Araby the Blest. The rose in her hair or on her bosom, the bouquet she holds in her hand, the faint perfume of her dress, will carry one's thoughts not only to the flower-garden and the conservatory, but to all the amanities of refined female society. She will move about among those of the coarser sex like the sweet south. She will bring with her everywhere a suggestion of refined culture and Christian civilization. As the dainty Leigh Hunt sings, or as he makes the flowers sing:

"Know you not our only Rival flower, the human? Loveliest weight on lightest foot, Joy-abundant woman!"

How can there be wrath and harsh words and brutal deeds in a room where flowers are breathing out the perfumes which seem so naturally absorbed by woman that they may be called feminine, adding the last touch of beauty to her person by their odors as by their forms and colors?

## DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of night. Dr. Baird relates some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm from Göttingen, four hundred miles distant, in the morning; in the afternoon went to see some friends. He returned about midnight, when it was as light as it is in England half an hour before sunset. You could see distinctly, but all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead. The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes around the earth toward the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were persons in the streets. The Swedes in the city are not very industrious. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steam-boat goes up from Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes around the earth toward the north pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were persons in the streets. The Swedes in the city are not very industrious.

"Begin the alteration now!—while we are here!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "But, Robert! how long will they be over it?"

"About a fortnight. They may begin and end it in that time."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure so," he answered, carelessly and confidently. "I'll make Peters put it in his contract. Why, Clara, what is it? just the throwing out of a window? They might do it in a week if they chose. But just as you like, my dear."

Again, hearing the conversation, Mrs. Chester and the Miss Jupps joined in, taking wholly Mr. Lake's view of the matter. The only one who spoke with an interested motive was Mrs. Chester; the others were as honest as the day is long in what they said—honest in their inexperience.

And Clara was borne down once more in this as in the last, and agreed to the alteration being begun.

"It won't be much more than putting in a fresh window frame," decided Margaret Jupp.

No more shilly-shallyings now, no more questions of whether they should go or not. Mr. Lake went over that same afternoon to Katterley, in attendance on the Miss Jupps; saw the builder, Peters, and had the work put in hand. On the Saturday he and his wife both went over, to return in the evening.

It was a sultry midday. Lady Hills sat on the lawn under the shelter of a spreading lime-tree, whose branches had been more redolent of perfume a month or two ago than they were now.

The sky was cloudless, of a dark hot blue; the summer petals, clustering on the flower-beds, opened themselves to the blistering sun. Lady Ellis was alone with her netting. She wore a black silk gown and a little cap of net, all the more coquettish for its simplicity, its plain lappets hanging behind. Her work proceeded slowly, and finally she let it fall on her knee as one utterly weary.

"What a life it is here!" she murmured in self-commune. Say what they will, India is the paradise of women. Where means are in accordance; servants, dress, carriages, horses, incessant gayety, it may be tolerable here; but where they are lacking—good heavens! how do people manage to exist?"

"The world has gone hard with me," she resumed after a pause. "Two years of luxury to be succeeded by stagnation. I'd never have married Colonel Ellis—no, though he did give me a title—had I supposed his money would go to his children and not to me."

Another pause, during which she jerked the netting-silk up and down.

"And this house? shall I stay in it? But for that young man, who is rendering it unbearable, I don't think I could. This managing clergyman's widow, with her flock of young ones, she is a study from nature—or art. Ah well, well! a month or two of it, and I shall go on the wing again."

Closing her eyes, as if weary with the world's view, Lady Ellis remained perfectly still, until the sound of rapidly advancing wheels aroused her. Looking up, she saw a very handsome carriage, a sort of mail phaeton, dash up to the gate. The gentleman driving got out and assisted down a girl of fair beauty, who had sat by his side; the groom having sprung round to the horses' heads from the seat behind.

They came up the path, and Lady Ellis looked at them. An exceedingly fine man, of middle age, tall and upright, with a handsome face still, and clear blue eyes. The girl was handsome too, she wore a beautiful dress of training silk, and a hat with blue ribbons. We have met them before—Mr. and Miss Thornycroft.

Looking about, as if seeking for the door of entrance, or for some one to receive them, their eyes fell upon Lady Ellis. She could do nothing less than advance to the rescue. Missing the turning that led by a shady path to the door, they could see only windows. Mr. Thornycroft raised his hat.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Chester?"

Lady Ellis laughed slightly at the supposition, and threw back her head, as much as to say it was a ridiculous and not flattering mistake.

"No, indeed. I am only staying here."

Mr. Thornycroft bowed in deprecation; Miss Thornycroft turned her head slightly aside and took a look at the speaker. There was a slight contraction on that young lady's quenched brow as she turned it back again.

It never struck Anna Chester that the reproach was unmerited; it did not occur to her to petition for a better frock, since that one was so shabby. She had a better, kept for Sundays and rare holidays; to put it on, on a week-day, unless commanded to do so, would have been an astounding intrusion on the order of things. Reared to self-sacrifice and privation, that sacrifice and privation that a poor clergyman—a good, loving, but needy gentleman, must practice who has the care of those poorer than himself—Anna Chester had lived but to love and obey. When her father gained his living (that looked so wealthy in prospect), and the new wife—this present Mrs. Chester, now bending her eyes condemningly upon her—came close upon it, Anna's habit of submission was but slightly changed. Formerly she had yielded wholly to her father in her intense respect and love; now she had to yield to her step-mother in exacting, unquestioning obedience. She never thought of repining or rebelling. Brought up to think herself of no earthly consequence, as one whose sole mission in life it was to be useful to others, doing all she could for every one and ignoring self, it may be questioned if any young girl's spirit had ever been brought to the same state of perfect discipline. Never in her whole life had Anna rebelled at a request or resisted a command; to be told to do a thing was to obey. But for her naturally sweet temper, her utter want of selfishness, and the humble estimation imparted to her of herself, this could hardly have been. She stood there now, listening repinantly to the reproaches, the disparaging words of her second mother, and accepted them as her right. That lady, a very paroisse in her own opinion, gave a finishing twitch to her widow's cap, to her collar, to the "weepers" on her wrists, took the broad hem-stitched handkerchief that Anna held in readiness for her, and turned to leave the room.

"What shall I do now, mamma?" came the meek question.

"Do—say to be sure," continued Mrs. Chester, recalled by the words; "why, you must go to the kitchen and see what sort of a lunch can be sent up. I had ordered the cold fowl and ham with salad, and the cold mutton for you and the children. The mutton must be hashed now; very nicely, mind; you can cut it up yourself; and the veal cutlet that was intended for dinner, must be dressed with herbs, tell Nanny; and some young potatoes. The tart can come in and the cream, and—such will do. I shall make it our dinner, apologizing privately to Lady Ellis for the early hour, and call it luncheon to the Thornycrofts."

"Mamma, it is Justice Thornycroft."

What with the startling announcement—for Mrs. Chester took in the news at once—and what with the recollection of her own state of attire, Mrs. Chester turned her irritably upon Anna. It was provoking to be interrupted at her very necessary work.

"Justice Thornycroft! What in the world possesses you to call the man that, Anna Chester?"

"Mrs. Copp called him so in her letter to me, mamma."

"Mrs. Copp's a fool," retorted the bewildered lady. "Justice Thornycroft! One would think you had been bred in a wood. What do you suppose uses those obsolete terms now? What brings him over here to-day?"

She put the question in a sharp, exacting tone, just as if it were Anna's business to answer it, and Anna's fault that he had



"HAVE YOU COME TO LOOK AFTER US, MRS. LAKE?"

come. Anna quietly went to a closet and took out Mrs. Chester's best gown.

"To come on a Saturday! Nothing was ever so unreasonable," groaned Mrs. Chester. "Here's all the flock and the down out of the bed, and I covered with it. Look at my crapse! Look at my hair! I took off my cap because those bothering lappets got in my way."

"You will have your gown changed in two minutes, mamma, and I will smooth your hair."

Mrs. Chester jerked the gown out of Anna's hands. One of those active, restless women, who cannot bear to be still while anything is done for them, was she; and began to put it on herself, grumbling all the while.

"Nothing in the world ever happened so contrary. Of all things, I wanted, if these Thornycrofts did come over, to keep them from Lady Ellis. Once let her get an ink out of their business, and she'd be off the next day. And there they are, shut up with her. I dare say she knows it all by now."

"Oh, mamma, it is not likely Mr. Thornycroft would speak of it to her."

"Indeed! That's your opinion, is it? Give me the hair-brush."

She brushed away at her hair, Anna standing meekly by with a clean cap ready to put on. Mrs. Chester continued her catalogue of grievances.

"It is the worst day they could have come. All things are at sixes and sevens on a Saturday. The children are dirty, and the plate's dirty, and the servants are dirty. They must have luncheon, I suppose—dinner, for that's what it will be for them, coming this long drive. Mr. Thornycroft can possess no sense to take me by storm in this manner. Anna, I hope you did not proclaim to them that you were a daughter of the house," she added, the thought suddenly striking her.

Anna's face flushed. She had spoken of Mrs. Chester as "mamma," and when she went in to Lady Ellis had said, "This is Miss Chester." Under the stern gaze now bent upon her, poor Anna felt as if she had committed some not-to-be-astonished-for crime.

"In that wretched frock of yours! You have not the least sense of shame in you, Anna. Over and over again I have said you were born to disgrace me. Why could you not have passed yourself off for an upper maid or nursery governess, or something of that sort? Or else kept out of the way altogether."

It never struck Anna Chester that the reproach was unmerited; it did not occur to her to petition for a better frock, since that one was so shabby. She had a better, kept for Sundays and rare holidays; to put it on, on a week-day, unless commanded to do so, would have been an astounding intrusion on the order of things. Reared to self-sacrifice and privation, that sacrifice and privation that a poor clergyman—a good, loving, but needy gentleman, must practice who has the care of those poorer than himself—Anna Chester had lived but to love and obey. When her father gained his living (that looked so wealthy in prospect), and the new wife—this present Mrs. Chester, now bending her eyes condemningly upon her—came close upon it, Anna's habit of submission was but slightly changed. Formerly she had yielded wholly to her father in her intense respect and love; now she had to yield to her step-mother in exacting, unquestioning obedience. She never thought of repining or rebelling. Brought up to think herself of no earthly consequence, as one whose sole mission in life it was to be useful to others, doing all she could for every one and ignoring self, it may be questioned if any young girl's spirit had ever been brought to the same state of perfect discipline. Never in her whole life had Anna rebelled at a request or resisted a command; to be told to do a thing was to obey. But for her naturally sweet temper, her utter want of selfishness, and the humble estimation imparted to her of herself, this could hardly have been. She stood there now, listening repinantly to the reproaches, the disparaging words of her second mother, and accepted them as her right. That lady, a very paroisse in her own opinion, gave a finishing twitch to her widow's cap, to her collar, to the "weepers" on her wrists, took the broad hem-stitched handkerchief that Anna held in readiness for her, and turned to leave the room.

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in life. A chance reminiscence, such as this, was more than she could bear.

"Did you know papa?" she asked, looking bravely up through the tears.

"I knew a little of him many years ago, and I once or twice saw your mother. You must come and pay us a visit at Coast-down."

A bright light in the gentle face.

"I should like it very much, sir. Mrs. Copp has already invited me to go to them; but I cannot be spared."

"You must be spared; I should like you to come," spoke Mary Anne, imperiously, with the tone of one who is not accustomed to have her slightest wish disputed. But the waiting coffee and Mrs. Chester turned off the subject.

The clock was striking five when the punctual groans appeared with the carriage. Down it came with grand commotion, its fine horses fresh after their rest, and stopped at the gate. The whole party descended Mr. and Miss Thornycroft to it: Mrs. Chester and Anna, the children, tidy now and on tolerable behavior, Lady Ellis and her fascination. Promises of future friendly intercourse were exchanged. Mr. Thornycroft gave a positive undertaking to drive over again and spend another day, and they took their places in the carriage. Away went the horses in a canter, rather restive; the jockey, restraining them, had enough to do to raise his hat in farewell salutation; the groom had a run ere he could gain his seat behind. And they started on their long drive of three-and-twenty miles.

At the same moment, appearing from an opposite quarter, came Mr. and Mrs. Lake and Elizabeth on their return from Katterley. They were near enough to see the carriage go swiftly off, but not to distinguish its inmates. Mrs. Chester and the rest waited for them at the gate.

"Have you had visitors, Penslope?" asked Mr. Lake.

"Yes. And very cross and contrary I felt it that you were not here," continued Mrs. Chester, who was proud of her good-looking brother. "It is Mr. Thornycroft and his daughter—they have been with us ever since twelve o'clock. To think that you were away! I am sure Clara would have liked Miss Thornycroft."

To think that they were away!—that the two ladies spoken of did not meet! One of them at least would deem it a chance missed, a singular fact, in the years to come.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### GOING FISHING.

A chilly evening. The hot days of August have passed away; this is October, and the night is turning out raw and misty. But in Mrs. Chester's house warmth and light reign, at least in the inhabited rooms of it.

In one of them, a moderate-sized, comfortable apartment, whose windows opened to the ground, the large fire had burned down to a red glow, after rendering the atmosphere unpleasantly warm; and a lady, seated in a lounging chair, had pushed it quite back, so that she was in the shade both from the light and the fire. A look of perplexity, of care, sat on her face, young and lovely though it was; even in her hands, as they lay listless on her lap, there was an air of abandonment. But that the room was growing dark and dim in the autumn twilight, that sadness might not have been sufficient to show itself, although she was alone.

It was Clara Lake. Her thoughts were buried in a painful retrospect—the retrospect of only the two past months. They had brought grief to her; as the summer did to the unhappy girl, told of in that beautiful ballad Anna Chester sometimes sung. "The Banks of Allan Water."

Any one who had known Clara Lake the previous August, when she came to Mrs. Chester's for a two days' visit, that the sojourn would not be one of days but months, she had simply disbelieved it. Even when the term was extended to a proposed fortnight—in all—she would have laughed at the idea of staying longer. But she had stayed. She was here still. Nevertheless, things had so turned out; all easily and naturally, as it seemed, to look back upon. As it seemed to her now, sitting in her chair, and tracing the course of past events.

The alteration in their house at Katterley, as proposed by Mr. Lake, and which was to be completed in ten days or a fortnight, was begun in due course—the throwing out of the dining-room by means of a bay window. He and his wife went over one day to see the progress of the work. It was then suggested—whether by the builder, by her husband, by herself, or by all three jointly, Clara could not to this hour recollect—that, to make a complete job of it, the window in the chamber above should also be thrown out. The additional expense would be comparatively little, the improvement great; and it was agreed to on the spot. Orders were also given for the drawing-room and their own chamber to be painted, repapered, and decorated.

"Won't it take a long time?" Clara suddenly asked.

"About a month, if they work well; certainly not more," replied Mr. Lake.

He must have known little of workmen, to speak so confidently. Builders, carpenters, painters, decorators, are not famous for working themselves thin through overhurry. The popular saying, "If once you get them into your house, you never get them out," seemed to be exemplified in this one instance. Here was October come in, and Katterley Lodge was as far off being ready for reception as ever.

It would have been a slight grievance, to Mr. and Mrs. Lake—not any, in fact, to him—for Mrs. Chester's house was an agreeable one, and they had no home ties; but Lady Ellis was making the stay insupportable to Mr. Lake's wife.

Tolerably young, showy, very handsome according to the taste of many, exacting attention, living but in admiration, and not scrupulous how she obtained it provided she got it. Lady Ellis had begun to cast her charming toils on the careless and attractive Robert Lake in the very first hour of their meeting. Not to eat him up; not intending certainly to be eaten herself; only to be her temporary slave, pour fair passer le temps. In that dull country house, where there was no noise or excitement but what arose from its children, Lady Ellis wanted something to make the time pass.

Mr. Lake was perfectly ready to meet her half-way. One of those men who, wife or no wife, consider a flirtation with a pretty woman—and with one not pretty, for the matter of that—a legitimate occupation in their idle life, he responded to her advances gallantly. Neither of them had any idea of plunging into shoals and quicksands; let us far go both, their due. A rather impressive clasp of the hand; a prolonged walk in the glowing beauty of the summer's

"My dear, I can trace in you a great likeness to your father. It is just the same refined, patient face."

"Whatever was asked me, madam, in reason—in reason, of course. I am at my ease in the world in regard to money, and shall certainly not spare it on my only daughter."

"Are the children to be at the table?"

"Yes, my dear, I can trace in you a great likeness to your father. It is just the same refined, patient face."

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day; an interchange of confidential talk, meaning nothing—that was the word thought of by either. But then, you see, the mischief is, that when once these things are fairly embarked in, the course entered upon and its midway point reached, down you glide, swimmingly, unwittingly; and it is an exceedingly difficult matter to turn back. Good chance (to call it so here,) generally sends the opportunity, but it is not always so.

The flirtation began. There were walks in the morning sun, shady garden chairs for rest at noontime, lingers in the open air by twilight, that grateful hour after a sultry day. There were meetings indoors, meeting out; singing, talking, netting, billings. Mr. Lake went fishing, his favorite pastime just now, and my Lady Ellis would carry his luncheon to him; or stroll down later, wait until the day's sport was at an end, and stroll home with him. One or other of the children was often with her, serving to satisfy the requisites of propriety, had friends been difficult.

None were so. For a whole month this agreeable life went on, and nobody gave it a care or a thought. Certainly Clara did not. She was accustomed to see her husband's light admiration given to others; never yet had a suspicion crossed her mind that he had more than admiration to give. That his love was exclusively hers, to her forever, she believed in as fully as she believed in heaven.

Well, the month passed, August, and September was entered upon. The flirtation (to call it so for want of a better word), had grown pretty deep. The morning walks were frequent; the noontide restings were confidential; the twilight lingers were prolonged to midnight. The songs became duets, the conversation whispers; the netting was as often in his hands as hers, and the silk purse did not progress. Mr. Lake drove Lady Ellis out in the stylish little open carriage, conveniently made for two persons and no more, that he was fond of hiring at Guild. One day Fanny Chester went with them; my lady's dress got crushed, and of course the inconvenience could not be allowed to occur again. Twice a week she rode with him, requiring very much of his care in the open country, for she said she was a timid horsewoman. In short, they had plunged into a whirligig round of days that was highly agreeable to the two concerned.

Sharp eyed Mrs. Chester—nearly as sharp as Lady Ellis herself, but more honest—saw quite well what was going on. "Don't you go and make a fool of yourself with that woman, Robert!" she said to him one day, which sent Mr. Lake into a fit of laughter. He thought himself just the last man to do it. And on went the time again.

Inperceptibly—she could not remember how or when it first arose—a shade of annoyance, of vexation, stole upon Mrs. Lake. Her husband was always with Lady Ellis; except at meals and at night, he was never with her; and she began to think it was not quite right that it should be so. Crafty Mrs. Chester—honest enough in the main, but treacherous in this one matter—was on thorns lest Clara should take alarm and cause an outbreak; which would not have done at all. She did what she could to keep alarm off, and would have to reconcile it to her conscience in later days. Mr. and Mrs. Lake paid her well, and that was also a consideration.

"Clara, dear, it is good of your husband to help me," she would say, or words similar. "He has never been a true brother to me until now. Were it not for him I am sure Lady Ellis would die of ennui in this place. He keeps her amused for me, doing what he can to make her days pass pleasantly. I shall be ever thankful to him."

Once, and once only, Clara went to the fishing stream after them. It was a mile and a half away, the one they had gone fishing in that day. They! Lady Ellis had a costly little rod now, bought for her by Mr. Lake, and went with him. Clara, having nothing better to do in the afternoon, un-easily conscious of the advent of incipient jealousy arising in her heart, thought she would join the party. Her husband had never asked her to do so at any time; upon her hinting that she should like to fish too, he had stopped the idea at once: "No, she would be too fatigued." Mrs. Lake, it was true, was not strong; heat and fatigue knocked her up. Mrs. Chester had been crafty from the first. One day in the early stage of the affair, seeing her husband and Lady Ellis sitting together in the shade at noontide, Clara was innocently stepping out at the window to sit too, when Mrs. Chester interposed to prevent it. "Good gracious, Clara! don't go stealing out like that. They may think you want to hear what they are saying—out of jealousy." And the word "jealousy" only caused an amusing laugh to Clara Lake then; but she remained in doors. Well, on this afternoon, she started for the stream, taking Master James Chester in her hand. Master James abandoned her *en route*, going off on his own devices, and was alone when she reached them. A definitely shady place she found it; the chance passers-by beyond the trees at the back few and far between. Both were sitting on the bank, attending to their lines, which were deep in the water. They looked round with surprise, and Lady Ellis was the first to speak.

"Have you come to look after us, Mrs. Lake?"

Innocent words, sufficiently courteous in themselves, but not in the tone with which they were spoken. There was a mocking under-current in it, implying much; at least, Clara fancied so, and it brought the red flush of shame to her cheeks. Open, candid, ultra-refined herself, to spy upon others would have been against her very nature. It seemed to her that in that light she was looked upon, as a spy, and inwardly resolved not to intrude again.

James Chester made his appearance in the course of time, and Clara set off home with him. They asked her to stay until the sport was at an end; her husband pressed it; but she could not get over that tone, and said she would walk very quietly on, that they might overtake her. Master James went off as before, and Clara thought of the interview. "There was no harm; there can be none; they were only fishing," she murmured to herself. "What a stupid thing I was!"

"Where's Jemmy?" asked Mrs. Chester, coming forth to meet her.

"I'm sure I can't tell. He ran away from me both in going and returning. It was not my fault. He does not mind anybody a bit, you know."

"Why did you not wait to come home with Robert and Lady Ellis?"

"I don't know. I wanted to get back, for one thing; I was tired. And I don't much think Lady Ellis liked my going."

"My dear Clara, you must not take up vague fancies," spoke Mrs. Chester, after a pause. "One would think you were growing jealous, as the boys and girls do. Nothing can be in worse taste for a lady, even when there may be apparent grounds for it. In this case the very thought would be absurd; Lady Ellis is ten years older than your husband."

And so, what with one thing and another, Clara was subdued to passive quietness, and Mr. Lake and Lady Ellis had it all their own way. But her suspicions that they were growing rather too fond of each other's company had been aroused, and she naturally, perhaps unconsciously, watched, not in the unfounded fancy of an angry woman, a jealous wife, but in the sick fear of a loving one. She saw the flirtation (again I must apologize for the name) grow into sentiment, if not to passion; she saw it lapse into concealment—which is a very bad sign. And now that October had come in and was passing, Clara Lake's whole inward life was one scene of pain, of conflict, of wild jealousy preying upon her very heart-strings. She had loved her husband with all the fervor of a deeply imaginative nature; had believed in him with the perfect trustingness of an innocent-hearted, honest English girl.

She sat in her chair there in the drawing-room, drawn away from the fire's heat, her eyes fixed on "vacancy," her pretty hands lying weary. What was that heat compared to the heat that raged within the mind's fever?

"If it could but end!" she murmured to herself; "if we could but go back to our home at Katterley!"

Strange to say—and yet perhaps not strange, for the natural working out of a course of events is often hidden to the chief actor in the—dread and its superstition, dread had faded away from Clara's memory. Of course she had not forgotten the fact; whenever she thought of it, as she did at odd times, its features presented themselves to her as vividly as ever. But the dread of it was gone. When day succeeded day, week succeeded week, bringing no appearance of any tragic end for her, accident or else, that could put her into a hearse, the foreboding fear quite subsided. Besides, Clara Lake looked upon the accident to the railway train that Sunday night as the one that would have killed her had she only been in it. So the dream and its superstition had become as a thing of the past.

Lonely, dispirited, unusually low, felt she this afternoon. Mr. Lake had gone over in the morning to Katterley to see how their house was progressing, and she began to wonder that he was not back. They had taken dinner early that day, and Lady Ellis had disappeared after it. When Mr. Lake was away she would invariably go up to her room after dinner, saying she had letters to write. Shrewd Fanny Chester, taking after her quick mother, said my lady went up to get a nap, not to write. Mrs. Chester was in the nursery, where she had a dressmaker at work, making clothes for her children; Anna was helping; and Clara was alone.

It may as well be mentioned that the mystery attaching to the cause of the railway accident had not been solved yet. The coroner and jury had met regularly once a fortnight since, and as regularly adjourned the inquest. In the teeth of Colonel West's most positive testimony, it was impossible to bring in a verdict against Cooper, the driver; in the teeth of Oliver Jupp it was equally impossible to exonerate him. No other witness, save the parties interested, appeared to have seen the lights that night. The public were fairly nonplussed, the coroner and jury sick to death of the affair. The young person now working for Mrs. Chester, was Cooper's sister.

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"Why did you not wait to come home with Robert and Lady Ellis?"

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The raw fog pervading the air struck upon her with a chill as she came out of the thin muslin body, and shivered quite unconsciously. What cared she for the cold or the heat? Had she been plunged into a bath of ice she would not have felt it then. She went, sweeping round the lawn in the dusky twilight; for it was not dark yet—keeping close to the trees, that their friendly shade might shelter her from chance eyes. Fanny Chester's words, going toward the shrubbery, "serving her guide unconsciously, she made for the shrubbery."

"Well, what did she find or see? Nothing very dreadful, taking it in the abstract; but quite enough to fan the jealous imagination of a wife, especially of one who loves her husband."

The shrubbery appeared to be empty; and Clara had gone half way down it, past one of its cross openings, when, from that very opening, sounds of voices and footsteps advancing struck upon her ear. Retreat was not expedient; they might see her; and she darted into a deep above the shrubbery had been trained to make, before which ran a bunch. Cowering almost into the very laurels, she stood there in sick fear. Never had she intended to go so near, and almost wished for the earth to open and bury her alive rather than she should be seen. Her heart beating with a wild shame, as if she had been caught in some gross crime, there she had to stay.

On they came in their supreme unconsciousness, turning into the shrubbery, and also towards the verdant above. Clara's eyes were strained to look, and her poor breath came in gasps.

They were arm-in-arm; and Mr. Lake held one of my lady's hands, lightly toying with its fingers. He was speaking in low, tender tones—the same tones, which had been given to her before their marriage, and had won her heart for ever. What he was saying she could not, in her agitation, tell—but as they were passing her, going from the house, you understand, not to it, Lady Ellis spoke.

"Robert, it is getting dark and cold."

Robert! Had she known his wife was listening? It might have made no difference.

"The dark will not hurt you," he said, louder. "You are with me."

"But it is damp also. Indeed, since I returned from India, I feel both the damp and cold very much."

She spoke in a timid, gentle tone; as different from those she used to *say* to him, as can well be imagined. That she had set herself out to gain his love seemed a sure fact. How far Lady Ellis contemplated going, or Mr. Lake either, and what they may have anticipated would be the final upshot, how or where it was to end, was best known to themselves. Let it lie with them.

"There's a shawl of yours, I think, Angelina, in the summer-house. Sit you there while I get it."

He left her on the bench, behind which his wife was standing: they touched each other within an inch or two. Clara drew in her breath, and wished the earth would open. Lady Ellis began a scrap of song, as if she did not like being alone in the darkness. Her voice, whether in singing or speaking, was loud and shrill, though she modified it for Mr. Lake. An antediluvian sort of song: goodness knows where she could have picked it up. Perhaps the stars, beginning to twinkle above, suggested its recollection to her.

"As many bright stars as appeared in the sky,  
As many young lovers were caught by my eye;  
And I was a beauty then, oh then,  
And I was a beauty then.

"But now that I'm married, good what,  
good what!  
I'm tied to a proud and fantastical fop,  
Who follows another and cares for me not.

"But when I'm a widow, I'll live at my ease—

I'll go all about, and I'll do as I please;  
And take care how I marry again, again;  
And take care how I marry again."

She had time to sing the three stanzas through, repeating the last line of the first and third verses as a refrain.

Mr. Lake came back swinging the shawl on his arm—a warm, gray woollen one.

"All right at last, Angelina. I could not find it, and had to strike a fuse for a light. It had slipped behind the seat. I began to think you must have carried it away to-day."

"I did not know it was there," she answered.

"Don't you remember throwing it off last evening when we were sitting there, saying you felt hot? Now be quiet! I'll wrap you up myself. Have you any pins?"

She had risen, and he put the shawl on her head and shoulders; then turned her round and pinned it under her chin, so that only her face was visible. With such care!—oh, with such care!

"You are taking as much trouble as though I were going to stay out for an hour!"

"I wish we were."

"Do you? What would your wife say?"

"Nothing. And if she did—what then?"

"There, you can't feel the cold now."

"No; I don't think I can."

"But what am I to have for my pains?"

She made no answer. In truth, he did not wait for it. Bending his own face on to the one he held up, he left a kiss and a loving word upon it: "My dearest!" A long and passionate kiss, as it sounded in his wife's ear.

Clara Ellis, perhaps not prepared for so demonstrative a proceeding, spoke a rebuke. He only laughed. They moved away; he retaining his arm around her for a lingering moment, as though to keep the shawl in its place; and their voices were dropped again to a soft sweet whisper, that scarcely disturbed the stillness of the murky autumn night.

Very different from the tone of that wail—had any been near to note it—when Clara Lake left her hiding-place; a low wail, as of a breaking heart, that came forth and mingled with the inclement evening air.

Some writer has remarked—and I believe it was Bulwer Lytton, in his "Student"—that to the vulgar there is but one infidelity in love. It is perfectly true; but I think the word "vulgar" is there misplaced, unless we may apply it to all, whether inmates of the palace or the cottage, whose temperament is not of the ultra-refined. Ultra-refined, mind! they of the sensitive, proud, impassioned nature, whose inward life, its thoughts, its workings, can never be betrayed.

ed to the world, any more than they themselves can be understood by it. Alas for them! They are hardly fit to dwell on this earth, to do battle with its sins and its woes; for their spirit is more exalted than is well; it may be said, more etherealized. The gold too much refined, remember, is not adapted for general use. That the broad, vulgar idea conveyed by the word infidelity, is not their infidelity, is very certain. It is the unfaithfulness of the spirit, the want of the heart's truth to another, that constitutes infidelity for them; and where such comes, it shatters the heart's life as effectually as a blast of lightning shatters the tree it falls on. This was the infidelity, not of their infidelity, but of the spirit of the world, that wrought the misery of Clara Lake; that other infidelity, whether it was or was not to have place in the future, she barely glanced at. Her husband's love had left her; it was given to another; and what mattered ought else? The world had closed to her; never again could she have, as it seemed, any place in it. Henceforth life would be a mockery.

She returned shivering to the house—not apparently within the cold from without, but from the chill within—entering by the glass doors. The fire was nearly out; it wanted stirring and replenishing. She never saw it, but she intended to go so near, and almost wished for the earth to open and bury her alive rather than she should be seen. Her heart beating with a wild shame, as if she had been caught in some gross crime, there she had to stay.

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THE LADIES' OWN MAGAZ

## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Anecdote of the King of Bavaria.

The following anecdote is related as having occurred within the last few weeks. King Louis of Bavaria, not only holds the dramatic art in high esteem, but has a great liking for the society of performers. On the day Madame Cramer completed her fifth year on the stage, the king gave her a benefit, and after the performance, the other actors and actresses entertained her. The king hearing of this, took it into his head to surprise them by his unexpected presence! Madame Cramer, whose back was turned toward the door, could not of course see the king enter the room. The king stepped quietly up to her, and put his hands over her eyes, and said: "Guess who it is!" "Ah!" said Madame Cramer, "you again, Monsieur L——? you certainly do imitate the king most delightfully." "Oh, does he?" said the somewhat astonished king. "I should rather like to see the performance. Go on, Monsieur L——, and let me judge for myself of the truthfulness of the imitation." "I trust your majesty will excuse me," replied the abashed actor. But the king persisted in his demand, and after several refusals he added, "I desire it, and the king commands it." The actor bowed and took his seat at a little table, and called out in a voice which was an exact imitation of the king's:—"Desire my private councilor, Riedl, to come to me. "Very good indeed!" exclaimed the king. "What does your majesty want?" asked the actor, speaking through his nose. "Capital!" exclaimed the king, laughing; "you imitate my counsellor even better than you did me; you are an excellent comedian, as Madame Cramer said." "Riedl," continued the actor, "be sure you send to-morrow two hundred florins to Monsieur L——! he is a deserving fellow—a better mimic I never heard." "Scamp!" exclaimed the king, laughing, "enough of that performance; you shall have the two hundred florins, but I shall take care not to ask you for a repetition of it."

## The Legal Potato Hole.

Near the beginning of the present century, a farmer, of broken fortune, came into Westerly, Rhode Island, and hired certain lands for cultivation, giving a portion of the products for the use of the lands. He planted potatoes and secured an unusual crop. Not having store-room of his own, he obtained consent of a landholder and deposited his share of the potatoes in what the farmers call a "potato hole,"—that is, an excavation in the earth into which the potatoes were placed and covered with straw and earth in the form of a pyramid. On going out of the town into Connecticut, one of his creditors seized the opportunity, procured a writ and attached the "potato hole," wherupon another creditor, who was studying how to secure his dues, consulted with John Cross, Esq., and inquired what could be done.

The shrewdness of the legal professor at once suggested an open door. Mr. Cross made the proposition and proceeded to carry it into effect. A writ was issued by which an attachment was made not upon the "potato hole," but upon the "potatoes" in the "potato hole," specifying that the "potato hole" should be left upon the land where it was found. The plan was a success, and the first creditor came upon the stage only to find few potatoes in his hill.

## Anecdote of Hogg.

One day, walking near Convent Garden, an Irish laborer fancied Hogg had pushed him, and turned upon the young Oxonian, who was alone, with such angry abuse as brought a number of bystanders to witness what promised to be a row. Hogg turned upon the Irishman and said, with calm severity:

"I have put my hand into the hamper; I have looked upon the sacred barley; I have eaten out of the drum; I have drunk, and was well pleased; I have said *konk omptu*, and it is finished!"

The Irishman, thoroughly mystified and appalled, said, "Have you, sir?"

A woman in the crowd said, "Now, Pat, what have you been drinking?"

Others in the crowd called out, "What is it Paddy has had?" while Hogg turned solemnly away, leaving the bewildered Irishman to get out of the scrape as he best could, and to reflect how a bit of an old fragment of *Orpheus* still preserved its alleged power to soften the brute beast.

## Not Married.

In one of the courts, a few days since, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness. Her testimony was likely to result unfavorably for the client of a pert young lawyer, who addressed her very superciliously with the inquiry:

"You are married, I believe."

"No, sir."

"Oh! only about to be married?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to?"

"Really I don't know. Would you advise such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife blind or deaf?"

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the discomfited attorney did not vouchsafe a reply.

## Advantages of Playing Poker.

A story is told of McKeon Buchanan, who is said to be one of the finest "poker" players in the world. While in Australia a few years since, Mr. Buchanan had a thrifty, speculative agent, who took the money at the door and generally kept it. The tragedian couldn't well afford to dispense with the man's services for so trifling a matter, so he artfully inoculated the speculative agent with this game of poker, which is said to be extremely fascinating, and when the agent had captured all the money at night, Mr. Buchanan would skillfully and unfailingly win it all away from him during the next day. In this manner Mr. Buchanan redressed wrong, killed time, and introduced this singular and attractive game into the most remote corners of the civilized globe.

Politeness is a good investment, but owing to a lamp-post at midnight is wasted capital. Lamp-posts don't care to be bothered at such late hours.

If you are not the head or tail of a donkey, what are you? No end of a donkey.

Beware of too sanguine dependence upon future expectations.



BARBER.—"Shall I do anything to your whiskers?"

## A Prosecution at the French Court.

Don Piat, in Harper's Magazine, thus describes the first presentation of a lot of Americans in Paris to the French Emperor, by Mr. Mason, who was the just arrived American Minister:

I know of no shock more positively disagreeable than one's first view of Louis Napoleon on foot, and near enough for accurate criticism. He sits tall, and in carriage, or on horseback, appears at his best. But on foot his short, thin legs, and long body, make up an awkward figure, below the medium height; and one looks in vain at the retreating forehead, weak chin, narrow, drooping shoulders and broad hips for any of the well-known and distinctive marks of the Buonaparte family. One gazed hopefully into the dull, glazed eyes, that have an unpleasant resemblance to those of a diseased mackerel, at his red-bottle nose, and retreating chin to find evidences of intellect and character. He was dressed on this occasion in tight breeches that showed to a disadvantage his short, slender legs, while the close-fitting coat was so clumsy that it suggested concealed armor. He strove evidently to hide a slight limp, the origin of which I have never heard explained.

The English presentation came at last to an end, and Mr. Mason's task began. Remembering the name of his first victim he succeeded, without blunder, in making the American Muggins and the Third Napoleon acquainted with each other. But with the next our Minister came to a full stop. He could not remember the name, and the poor man tried in vain by a stage whisper to communicate the magic word. The Emperor waited with that calm indifference which is far more aggravating than any expression of impatience. He waited without result, and he might have waited an indefinite time, for the wretched man whose introduction stopped the way suddenly grew red in the face, and lost all power of articulation. Judge Mason saw apoplexy before him, when relief came in the shape of a happy idea that struck his diplomatic brain. Stepping back a few paces he exclaimed:

"I have the honor to introduce your Majesty to all these good people. They are all Americans."

This mode of presenting, by platoon, was new to his Majesty aforesaid; but accepting the situation, he withdrew a few paces, so as to take in the entire line, and then began his usual speech on such occasions:

"You have done me a great compliment, ladies and gentlemen, by coming so far to visit my court. You come from a great country. I remember your country—great once there myself!"

At this point a tall, awkward New Englander, looking at the court thus referred to through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, thought it about time to say something to relieve the general sense of restraint, and so cried out, in a very insinuating, soothing, though rather nasal, tone:

"And we were very glad to have you among us, your Majesty."

A burly gentleman, full of conceit, and gorgeously decorated with a medal some enthusiastic fire company had presented him, indignant that any other than himself should presume to speak, added, in a loud voice:

"And we hope soon to see you there again, your Majesty."

The proposition, made so heartily, to resume travel once more that had proven so mean and miserable, disconcerted his Imperial Majesty to such an extent that he abruptly terminated the review, by gathering up his side-arms and going off almost at a canter.

## Home Life in Paris.

The home life of Paris is a thing with which few Americans become acquainted. The ordinary tourist, who rushes about from one Continental city to another, in the headlong manner for which Americans are celebrated, returns to his native land with no more idea of the interior life of the Parisian than he would have if he had never been there. Indeed, he is not unfrequently jumps to the conclusion that there is no home life in Paris at all. He sees so many people outdoors so continually—sitting on the iron chairs, reading, in the Champs Elysees, and on the Boulevards, and everywhere thronging the streets, gayly attired, and so evidently bent on pleasure, recreation, not business—so many ladies, so many children,

so many servants—a never-intermitting crowd of strollers and gazers, unmistakably French—that it is no wonder he concludes the people of Paris live out of doors, take their meals at restaurants, and go only under a roof at bed-time.

It is true that the French have a never-faltering faith in the beneficence of the open air. In pleasant weather, so French mother permits her children to remain indoors. Outdoors is the place for children, say the

tinguish the really good gardeners from the bad ones. As it is at present, too many good gardeners feel that the chances of any man, irrespective of his abilities, getting a situation, is as good as another that rather than compete with brazen-faced impudence they leave the profession for other fields. Hence it becomes exceedingly difficult to find good gardeners for good places at the time they are needed; and many gentlemen really capable of appreciating a good one, have to take so many poor ones, that they tire of gardening as a too troublesome luxury.

We happened to see a remarkable contrast recently between two gardeners in different places lifting large trees. It so happened that in both instances the ground had been filled up several feet, and the tree had to be elevated to the new surface. There was not much difference in the size of the trees—about 8 or 4 feet in circumference, and 25 to 30 feet high.

In one case the "gardener" had six men,

and had accomplished a great deal of grubbing about the roots. He had erected a tall triangle of very heavy timbers, expensively bolted together for the occasion, and with block and tackle had all hands tugging away at the rope to see if she wouldn't stir yet. The other gardener had but two men. He had dug a circle all round the tree three feet below the surface, and wide enough to work well. By the aid of a digging fork he very soon had the tree undermined and balanced on a slender column of earth. By the aid of a rope fast to the top of the tree, the latter, with its ball of roots, was easily drawn over to one side. A little earth was then thrown under, and then drawn back, so as to lean over on the contrary side, then more earth thrown under, and the tree drawn back again. This zig-zag mode of leaning over, and gradually filling under was continued until the tree was self-raised, as it were, to the surface. In less than one day the job was finished, costing, we are quite sure, less than \$5. When we saw the other the day was far spent, and it had not yet "ris." Our calculation was that some thirty dollars would be spent before the job was finished, with slim chances of life afterwards.

We have no doubt the same relative capacity for business is exemplified in all the gardening of both these men. The one is better worth \$2,000 a year than the other is worth \$300, yet we believe both these men have about the same wages. The good one is no more appreciated than the other would be. If the place were vacant, the latter would have as good a chance for it as any other one.

It is clear the only remedy for this state of things, is for gentlemen to inform themselves a little more as to what constitutes a good gardener. They already know that the best is in all odds the cheapest. When they are able to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit, a great step towards true gardening will be made.

## Five Rules for the Butter Maker.

1. Get your milk from rich old pastures, free of weeds. 2. Set the milk in a moist, pure air, and keep the heat of the room unchanged. 3. Churn the cream at 62 degrees. 4. Work out all the buttermilk without injuring the grain of the butter. 5. Mix the salt even, not over an ounce to the pound. Pack in oak or hemlock tubs. Refractory cream, says E. L. Bragdon, of Port Ontario, may be corrected by adding two ounces of dissolved alum to two pails of cream. There is a good story told of the daughters of Sir Thomas More. Their cream was very refractory. They took turns in churning, and repeated the 119th Psalm, to make the time pass. They got through the chapter before the butter came. If they had known about alum, they could have chosen a shorter psalm.—*American Agriculturist.*

**LAWNS.**—Grass lawns, newly made, must not be so closely mown as old turf; but mowing must be performed with regularity, or it is impossible to obtain a uniform velvety green surface. To mow close a well-established turf is to encourage the fine grasses and kill out the coarse kinds. Salt and plaster are good manures. Use at the rate of one bushel of plaster and three bushels of salt to the acre, and sow just before a rain.

## RECEIPTS.

**FISH SOUP.**—Ingredients: Fish, carrots, onions, small shrimp (according to taste), thyme, laurel leaves, cloves, wine, sugar. If any fish is left from yesterday's dinner it will serve very well for soup. Brown some carrots and onions in butter, then add some shrimp (if possible), then put water, add thyme, laurel leaves, cloves, half a glass of white wine, if possible, and some sugar, and let it boil all bold. Then put the fish in, and let that boil a little time, if it has been cooked before; if not, put it in when you put the water. When it is well done, pour the whole over some slices of bread already placed in the tureen.

**TO BOIL SALT SALMON.**—Let is soak twelve hours, and boil slowly for two, when serve with drawn butter.

Salmon is nicely pickled thus: After boiling as above, cut it up in pieces four inches square, and put into a jar, and pour over it hot vinegar, in which a few whole grains of pepper and allspice have been boiled. Serve this cold for luncheon or tea. It will keep two weeks, if the weather is cool.

**FRENCH LOAF CAKE.**—Take one cup of butter, one cup and a half of sugar, beat to a cream; three eggs well beaten, cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, one tea spoon of soda, two of cream of tartar, one cup of sweet milk, either wine or brandy, half a pound of raisins, quarter pound of currants, and two cups and a half of flour—bake well.

**TO COLOR EASTER EGGS.**—Take several pieces of bright print, silk, or stuff, tack them together, and wind round the egg. Boil. When cold remove the pieces and it will appear like marble.

**MOLASSES CANDY.**—One quart of West India molasses, half a pound of brown sugar, the juice of a lemon. Put the molasses in a kettle with the sugar, boil it over a slow, steady fire, till it is done, which you can easily tell by dropping a little in cold water; if done it will not crisp, if not it will be stringy. A good way to judge if it is boiled enough, is to let it boil till it stops bubbling. Stir it very frequently, and just before it is taken off the fire, add the lemon juice. Butter a shallow tin pan, and pour it in to get cold. Molasses candy may be flavored with anything you choose. Some flavor with lemon, and add roasted groundnuts, or almonds blanched.

## THE RIDDLE.

## Maze.

My 1st is in snow, but not in hail; My 2nd is in story, but not in tale; My 3rd is in chapel, but not in shrine; My 4th is in yours, but not in mine; My 5th is in love, but not in hate; My 6th is in soon, but not in late; My 7th is in silly, but not in proud; My 8th is in coffin, but not in shroud; My 9th is in meadow, but not in field; My 10th is in produce, but not in yield; My 11th is in vespers, but not in mass; My 12th is in flowers, but not in grass; My 13th is in will, but not in dead; My 14th is in plant, but not in seed; My whole is a maxim.

GRACIE G.

## Algebraical Problem.

A merchant sold two boxes of goods for the same price. On one he lost as much per cent. as it cost, and on the other he gained as much per cent. as he sold it for. By the whole transaction he lost \$90. What did each box cost him?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

37 An answer is requested.

## Problem.

Suppose a body is projected vertically upward with a velocity of 257 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet: after 4 seconds gravity ceases to act for 2 seconds, and is then doubled. Required to find the greatest height to which the body ascends? And its velocity when it returns to the point of departure?

MORGAN STEVENS.

37 An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

37 Why is herb-soup the best of all soups? Ans.—It is *soup-herb* (superb.)

37 Why is a flower out of season like an old coat? Ans.—It is *sooey*.

37 When is an apple like a fish? Ans.—When it is a crab.

37 Why is a swimming-bath like a cheap poultry-market? Ans.—You can have twenty ducks for threepence.

37 When George IV. went angling, what bird was he like? Ans.—A kingfisher.

## Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. RIDDLER—*"Dominus vobis-cum,"* meaning, The Lord be with you.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Dec. 24th.—19, 18, 23, 5, and 100.—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, F. W. Cooper, J. Steele, J. Barrett, J. H. Drane, J. S. Phebus, and S. S. Knox.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 2nd.—6, 32.—A. Martin.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of same date.—Diameter of sphere 10 inches, height of segment thereof 2 inches.—D. Diefenbach, J. S. Phebus, J. M. Greenwood, and S. M. Pickler.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date.—135,000 square feet.—E. P. Norton. 27.825610 acres.—J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler. 1.61 acres, or 2.7 acres.—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of Jan. 9th.—In answering this question I regard the following points:—1st. That as the interest is due yearly, any interest remaining unpaid at